

# MR. DOOLEY ON AGITATORS

## BY FINLEY PETER DUNNE



"Fellow slaves," he says, "as I gaze into this sea of upturned faces—" and Limpin' Leary gets up and toddles over to the orator.



A detachment of cavalry under Lieutenant Grayball was having a despatch encounter with an angry Red by the name of Geesepny Nienty, age nine.

"I must be hard wurruck bein' an agytator," said Mr. Dooley.

"I'd like th' job," said Mr. Hennessy.

"You?" cried Mr. Dooley. "What wud ye be doin' in a job like that? Besides bein' nex' dure to a deaf mute ye often wurruck f'r a livin' an' sometimes get it. A fine agytator ye'd be, standin' on th' back iv a dhry makin' a few delectoryous gestures, splutherin' with rage, an' thin jumpin' into th' sthreet an' hittin' th' first polisman ye met with a shovel. No, sir, an agytator must start with th' power iv speech, he must niver agytate himself, an' he shudn't iver come in contact with th' polis. Why, th' agytators an' th' polis ought to be th' best iv frinds. Wan cud harly exist without th' other, an' they furnish each other with a good dale iv conjanial emplyment in th' coorse iv th' year. If it wasn't f'r th' agytator th' polis wud be busy definin' property, an' if it wasn't f'r th' polis th' agytator wud be at home complainin' to his wife about th' cook."

"Ye see, it's this way. It is three o'clock in th' afternoon an' th' agytator is dawdlin' over his breakfast an' wonderin' whether th' struggle is worth th' cost. He had a hard night th' night before. A lady down in Michigan avnoo who runs a saloon—"

"What ar-re ye talkin' about?" said Mr. Hennessy. "A lady run a saloon? I niver heard th' like."

"Here it is in th' pa-aper," said Mr. Dooley. "Las' night at Mrs. Bullyvard's—no, it's spelled salon. Well, it's th' same thing, on'y th' dhunks ar-re free. Anyhow, our hero had had a tough time. He was interrupted again an' again, an' when he got back to th' club he had a quarrel with th' cabman over th' fare. He was sore at heart. Here he had labored f'r th' cause iver since he left college, on'y to have wan iv his protjees compel him to pay a dollar f'r th' ride wlin th' legal fare is ninety-eight cints or have his intellect knocked out f'r m' undier his stovepipe hat. He reluctantly chose th' former, although th' sacrifice iv principle cost him dear. But he soon shook off this moment iv gloom, f'r his eye lighted on a small paragraph down in th' left hand corner iv th' basement iv th' sheet that reported a professor at Harvard as sayin' that there were two million unemployed in th' city iv Chicago. 'What,' says he, 'all these people without a morsel iv wurruck?' he says. 'Call a cab,' he says, an' is soon speedin' to th' Lake Front."

"Manetime things is goin' badly with his frinds th' polis. Th' S'ciety f'r th' Previntion iv Noise has complained iv th' clatter iv th' little ball in th' wheel; desk sergeants has been dis-

covered sellin' opium pipes over th' desk, an' sival burglars has wrote to th' pa-apers complainin' that there must be graft in th' engravin' department iv th' central office because th' ink rubs off their licenses to steal. Th' iver vigilant press with th' wandhrin' eye has demanded that th' chief iv polis be beheaded, a massmeetin' has been called to hang th' inspectors, an' th' gran' jury has met an' indicted Pathrolman Schmidt f'r gran' larceny in takin' a coffee bean out iv a bar'l in front iv a grocery store. At a combined meetin' iv th' Commercial club, th' Board iv Thrade, th' Stock Exchange, th' Methodist ministers, an' th' naytional bank presidints resolutions ar-re passed sayin' things about th' polis force that if I said thim I'd get a good headache, an' callin' upon th' mayor to abolish th' department as th' most useless, scandalous, thievin' band iv cowardly, threacherous, black-mailin' dremat embezzlers on th' face iv th' globe. There is consternation at headquarters. Th' gamblin' houses ar-re compelled to pull down their blinds, wire tappers ar-re no longer permitted to use th' coorthouse steps in their business, an' inspectors refuse to accept checks f'r their services an' ar-re put to th' expinse iv sendin' on to Wash'nton to th' treasury department f'r experts to examine their fees f'r identification marks.

"But th' agytator soon sinds sunshine into th' hearts iv th' protectors iv our property an' our privileges. He gets up in th' park all be himself an' says he: 'Fellow slaves,' he says, 'as I gaze into this sea iv upturned faces,' he says in a voice that rings with passyon. Limpin' Leary, who has been asleep on a bench, dhreams that he has been stabbed in th' ear, mutters 'Go away,' an' thin wlin th' pain don't stop wakes up, looks around, an' toddles over to th' orator. Other slumberin' forms rise an' do th' same. Th' vast multichood is increased be a number iv angry proletarians that has been playin' ball or rollin' hoops. They gather around this here Rubespere an' laugh at his funny faces. A couple iv Eyetalian laborers on their way home stop to look an' wonder what it's all about. 'An' Mither Chairman an' Fellow Bondsmen,' says th' ballyhoo, 'that day so long postponed has now arrived. Th' hour is here. Strike,' he says, 'at th' mermadens iv capital,' he says. 'March up th' avnoo,' he says, 'in serried ranks. Smash in th' windows, burn, pillage, slay, tip over fruit stands, destroy, till not a vistige iv th' hated tyranny remains,' he says. 'Here comes wan iv th' jamesaries iv power,' he says, as a polisman walks down th' sthreet. 'Hurl ye'erself on him,' he says. 'Here, taxi!' he says. 'Drive me to th' Reform club an' be quick

about it or I'll have ye fired,' he says. 'An' wlin he gets to th' club th' other arnychists desert their game iv dominoes an' ask him what has happened. 'Th' revolution has begun,' is all he will say. 'An' he sets with folded arms in a corner waitin' f'r th' pa-apers to come out."

"Inspector Flatfut is settin' in th' station house breathin' on his dimon ring an' wonderin' wlin th' wave iv induthreel depressyon in th' polis department will blow over. At that minyit th' iditor iv th' Daily Fluff calls him up be tellyphone an' tells him there's an arnychist rite in th' park. What happens after that I'll read ye out iv th' pa-apers. Here it is:

"ARNYCHISTS ROUTED."

"Turb'le Battle Between Angry Reds an' Polis."

"Many Wounded."

"Officers iv th' Law Act with Great Gallantry an' Disperse Enormous Mob Bent on Destruction iv Life an' Property."

"At three o'clock yisterdah (afternoon) a frenzied mob iv arnychists, mostly furriners, led be th' notorious Limpin' Leary an' inflamed be th' incendiary utterances iv Percy T.L.B., gathered in th' park an' were about to march up th' avnoo cryin' 'Hooray f'r anarchy,' 'Death to capital,' 'Down with th' assistant sicerity iv th' department iv commerce an' labor,' 'Git off me fut,' 'Stop pushin',' 'O, look at Paddy McGuire's father ridin' a horse,' an' other rivo-luchinary cries, wlin they were attacked be a force iv polis undier th' gallant Inspector Flatfut. A turb'le battle insooed which attracted thousans iv pleasureseekers f'r m' th' neighborin' hotels an' barrooms. As we go to press th' issue iv th' bloody conflict is still in doubt. Th' polis unquestionably won most iv th' sprints, but th' rivo-luchinists claim to be victors in all th' long distance ivints, although our correspondint at Wan Hundherd, an' Ninety-eight sthreet reported at midnight that Officer Mulcahy was gainin' on Limpin' Leary. Th' plan iv th' rivo-luchinists was to march north along th' avnoo, smash in th' club windows, sack th' grocery stores, carry away th' cigar signs, burn th' wather wurrucks, an' set up an independint government in th' park, causin' gr-reat injury to th' geezanyumbuds."

"But polis spies had been at wurruckan' th' military plans iv th' polis were laid accordingly. Wan brigade guarded th' avnoo. A second threatened th' line iv rethreat, while th' risk iv th' corps, undier th' personal direction iv Inspe-

tor Flatfut himself, attacked th' rivo-luchinary army. A scene iv gr-reat carnage ensooed. Th' angry Reds fought despritley. Undier th' leadership iv Polliacci Polenty, an Eyetalian fanatic who said afterwarth that he was thyrin' to get home to his family, they charged repeatedly. But this is not th' first time Inspector Flatfut has had to meet charges an' he hurled thim back with gr-reat loss. Th' mounted polis acted with th' gr-reatest gallantry, again an' again ridin' down th' angry Reds. So th' tide iv battle moved to an' fro, an' to th' interestred spectators it seemed that it wud niver end. But after five minyits iv incessant conflict th' polis held th' field an' were stackin' th' mutilated pris'ners iv war in th' patrol wagons an' cartin' thim off to th' polis station or tellin' thim to get along out iv here."

"While th' main body was engaged with th' rivo-luchinary army a detachment iv cavalry undier Looitnant Graball was havin' a despritle encounter with an angry Red be th' name iv Geesepny Nienty, age nine, who was discovered chalkin' th' wurruds 'Down with government' on a fence. Th' miscreant wud've escaped if he hadn't got stuck on th' wurrud government—such is th' irony iv th' position iv these people who wud destroy what they cannot spell. Again an' again he was charged be th' mounted polis, but he stood with his back again th' fence an' they cud not reach him without hurtin' their horses' noses. Fin'ly Pathrolman Mulligan iv th' thraffie squad dismounted f'r m' his ste:l an' at gr-reat risk to his life rushed th' angry Red an', after findin' out where he lived, led him captive to th' corner an' sint him home, a fate which he richly deserved. Th' list iv casualties follows:

"SEERIOUSLY INJURED."

"May McGinnis, aged seven; was wheelin' her infant brother in a baby carredge wlin caught in th' maelstrom iv th' last despritle charge; is not known to be reg'larly affilyated with anny rivo-luchinary organization."

"Man suspected iv bein' organizer iv Rooshyan Nihilists; cards in pocket show him to be Prof. T. Arbutus, author iv 'How to Tell th' Wild F'lowers'; says he was inquirin' th' way to Pinnsylvania deapo an' officer thought he said 'Down with th' Pinnsylvania railroad.'"

"Officer Witzinski, Sixth precinct; stubbed his toe again at th' backbone iv an angry Red."

"Inspector Flatfut; lost goold an' dimon studded watch, inscribed 'F'r m' th' Benivolint Ordier iv Poolroon Keepers iv America.'"

"SLIGHTLY INJURED."

"Sleepy Silas; find d tin thousan' dollars an' siminted to nime years iv th' wurruck house."

"In th' same pa-aper, Minnissy, I find that an

emergency meetin' iv th' Commercial club, th' Stock Exchange, th' Board iv Thrade, th' Methodist ministers, an' th' naytional bank presidints was called. After a prayer be th' Riverind Mither Stiggins thankin' th' God iv battles f'r this gr-reat vichry over th' fooces iv disorder a resolution was adopted with much enthusiasm applaudin' th' polis f'r their services, ricom-mindin' th' promotion iv Inspector Flatfut, an' votin' him a silver service marked 'To th' Preserver iv Our City,' an' a subscription was taken up iv wan hundherd thousan' dollars to be distributed among th' mea. On th' iditorial page I find a piece headed 'Our Noble Polis' an' tellin' that th' iditor feels that aven if Inspector Flatfut does take a piece iv change now an' thin what's a little picallily like that compared with his heroic conduct in dalin' with th' fooces iv rivo-lution. Th' gran' jury flees th' city in disguise an' th' state's attorney announces that in view iv th' recent magnificent defense iv property be th' polis f'r m' now on he will confine his prosecutions to civilian larceny."

"An' that night th' city becomes a gay capital again. Th' shades are up in all th' palaces iv chance, th' ball floats cheerily into the single O on th' green, th' voice leap two at a time f'r m' th' dalin' box, th' voice iv peddlers sellin' cocaine f'r m' wagons is heard on th' sthreet, th' firm iv Hookem, Skinnem an' Comp'ny, dalers in green goods an' goold bricks, announce they have taken a store at State an' Madison large enough to accomodate their local thrade as well as their mail order business, an' th' Riv'ind Doctor Slummer, presidint iv th' S'ciety f'r th' Sup-pressyon iv Sinful Gaiety, is run in on a charge iv vagrancy, carryin' concealed weapons, an' resistin' an officer."

"So ye see, Minnissy, these rivo-luchins does some good. It may not seem so to a man who is on his way to catch th' five-five with a bag iv garden seed undier wan ar-rm an' a package iv phonygraft records undier th' other an' suddenly finds himself th' objick iv a cavalry charge. But they give a good dale iv healthful out iv dure exercise to th' bums in th' park, they deflate, as Hogan says, th' agytators who wud bust other-wise, an' they reform th' polis department, turnin' thim f'r m' villians into a body iv men that wud make th' ar-rmy iv th' Pottymack look like a mob iv poltroons without changin' their habits. I think th' least Inspector Flatfut cud de wud be to sind Percy something f'r Christmas."

"Sure, there'll niver be a rivo-lution in this country," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Not while there's anny other news f'r th' pa-apers," said Mr. Dooley.

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